

A
LETTER SENT
BY
SIR IOHN SVCK-
LING FROM

France, deploring his sad

Estate and flight :

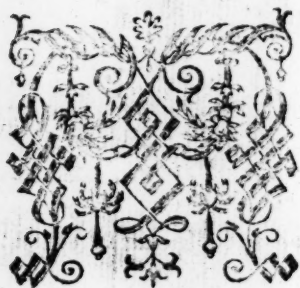
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By him and his adherents
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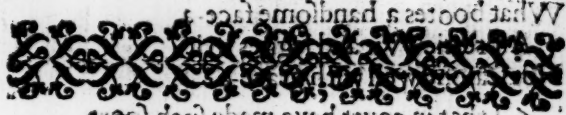
Imprinted at London. 1645.

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France, deploing his sad
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Printed at London. 1641.



A Letter sent by Sir John

Suckling from France,

Deploring his sad

State and plight.

With a discouerie of the plot

and conspiracie, intended

by him and his adherents

against England.

Goe, dolefull streete to euery street
Of London round about a

And tell us all thy matters fall

That lived bravely might a

2 Sir John in fight as brave a knight

As the Knight of the Ship a

Is forced to go away with woe

And from his countrie run a

3 Unhappy itars to breed such wars

That England's chief Suckling a

Should prove of late the scorn of face

And fortunes unluckie a

4 But ye may see inconstancie

In all things under heauen a

Which God hath made his creatures a

We run at sixe and seuen a

5 Alas, alas, how things doe passe

What

What bootes a handsome face-a

As prettie VV as the roses in May

For it can doe well with his grace-a

6 I that in court have made such sport

As neuer yet was found-a

And tickled all both great and small

The Maides of honour round-a

7 I that did play both night and day

And revelled here and there-a

Had change of suits, made payes to lutes

And bluster'd euerie where-a:

8 I that could write and well indite

As 'tis to Ladies known-a,

And bore the praise for songs and playes

Far more then were mine owne-a:

9 I that did lend and yearly spend

Thousan is out of my purse-a

And gave the King a wondrous thing,

At once a hundred horse-a

10 Blest providence that kept my sense

So well, that I fond else-a

Should chance to hit to have the wit.

To keepe one for my selfe-a

11 I that marcht forth into the North

And went up hills a main-a

With sword and lance like King of France,

And so came downe againe-a

12 I that have done such things, the Sun

And Moone did never see-a

Yet now poore Iohn a poxe upon

the

3
The fates, is faine to flee-a

13 And for the brave, Lust'd to have
In all I wore or ate-a

Accursed chance to spoyle the dance,
I scarce have clothes or meate-a

13 Could not the plot, By which I got
Such credit in the play-a

Aglaure bright that Persian wight,
My roving fancie stay-a

15 But I must flie at things so high,
Above me not allow'd-a?

And I Sir John, like Ixion,
For Juno kisse a cloud-a?

16 Would I had burn'd it, when I turn'd it
Out of a Comedie-a:

There was an omen in the nomen
(I feare of Tragedie-a)

17 Which is at last upon me cast
And I proclaim'd a sort-a

For thinking to with English doe
As with a Persian plot-a

18 But now I finde with griefe of minde
What will not me availle-a

That plots in rest are ever best,
When plots in earnest faile-a

19 Why could not I in time espie
My error; but whats worse-a

That happy vermin must bring in *Terminus*
The master of the horse-a

20 The valiant *Percie*, God have mercie
Vpon

Vpon his noble soule-2:

Though hee be wise by my advice
Was in the plot most foule-2

21 The witty poet (Let all know it)

Dauid By name-2

In this designe, that I call mine,
I utter the disclaime-2

22 Though he can write, he cannot fight,
And bravely take a fort-2:

Nor can he smell a profit well,
His nose, it is too short-2.

23 Tis true wee met, in counsell let,
And plotted here in prose-2,

And what he wanted, it is granted,
Abridge made of his nose-2.

24 But to impart it to his art,
Wee had made of little stuffe-2

No, for the plot, that wee had got,
One Poet was enough-2

25 Which had not fate and prying fate
Crush't in the very wombe-2,

We had ere long by power strong,
Made England our one tombe-2.

26 Oh what a fright had bred that fight,
When Ireland, Scotland, France-2

Within the wall of London all,
In severall troopes should prance-2.

27 When men quarter'd, woman slaughter'd
In heapes euerie where-2

So thick should lie, the enemy
The very fight should scare-2.

Vpon

28 That

28 That they afraid of what they made,
A streame of blood so high as

For safety fled, Should mount the dead
And unto that niggen night

29 The scarlet gowne and bonnet to wne
Each other would bevaile

That their shut purse had brought this curse,
That did so much prevail

30 Each Alderman in his own chaine,
Being hang'd up like a dog

And all the city without pittie
Made but one bloody bog

31 The Irish Kerne in battell stent
For all their faults so foule

Pride, use, ill gaine, and want of braine,
Teaching them how to howle

32 No longer then the fine women
The Storr would praise and crust

The wanton Dames being burnt in flames
Far hotter then their lust

33 But too too late lament their fate,
And miserie deplore

By the French knaves having got a prey
Worse then they had before

34 Infants unborn should leave the home
By being murder'd there

Which they were sure if life should last
To have when they were grown

35 The precise Sir, that now mounts in
Full lowe we cast their Lot

And all that thinke it fitt to drinke,

We

We doom'd into the pot a

36 The Parliament is fully bent
To raze up Bishops cleane,
To raze their fort and spoile their spore
Wee did intend and meane a

37 With many things confusion brings
To Kingdoms in an hour a
To burne up tillage sack and pillage
And handsome maides deflower a

38 But Argus eye did soon espy
What we so much did trust a
And to our shame and love of fame
Our plot laid in the dust a

39 And had we staid, I am affraid
That their ~~Barbarian~~ hand a
Had struck us dead (who now are fled)
And ceis'd all our land a

40 But thanks to heaven, three of the seven,
That were the plotters chiefe a
Have led to France their wives a dance
To finde out a reliefe a

41 But Davenant shakes and Buttons makes
As strongly with his breech a
As hee ere long did with his tongue
Make many a bombast speech a

42 But yet we hope hee leafe the rope
That now him so doth fright a
The Parliament being content
That he this fact should write a

From Paris, June, 16. 1643
From Paris

